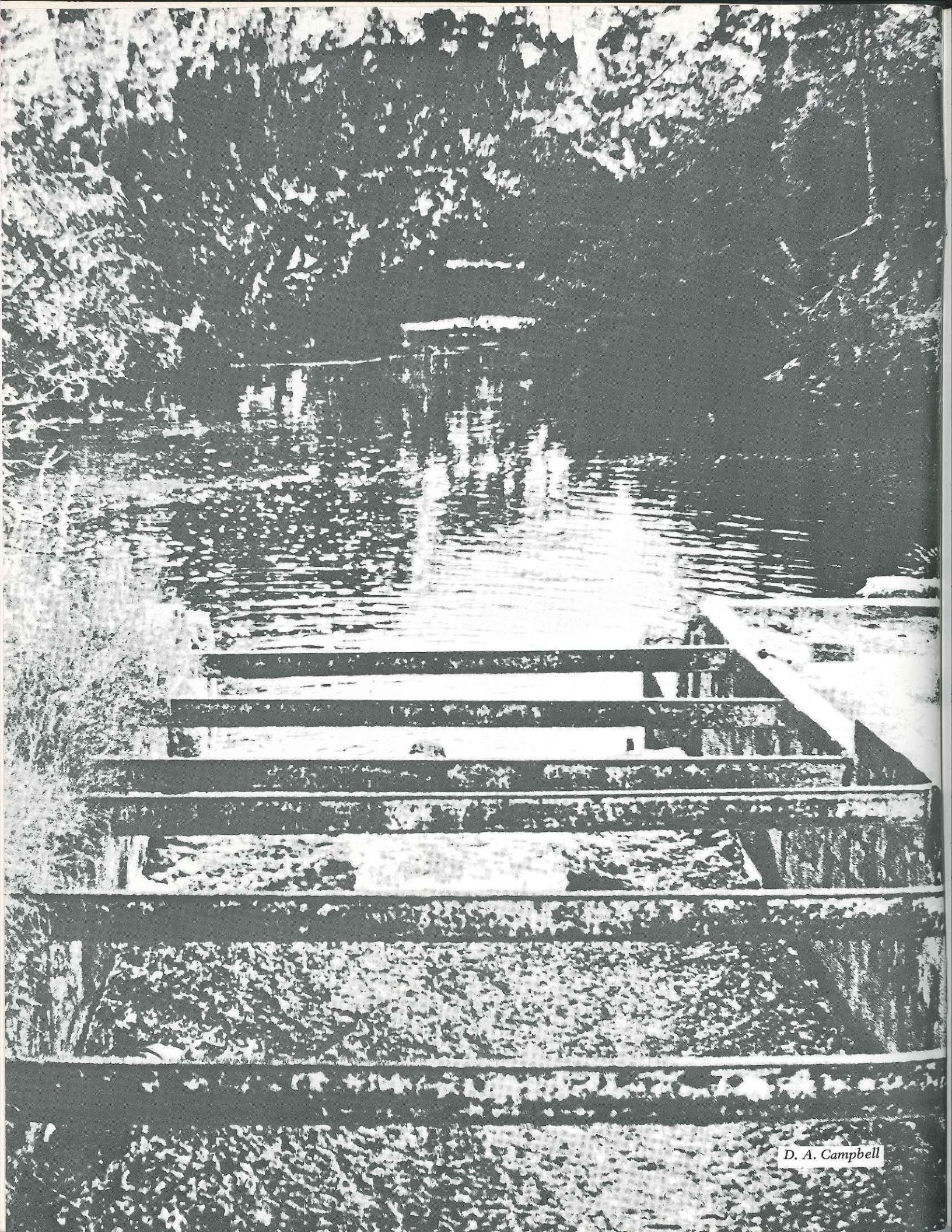


**MEDIA  
76**

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

MEDIA  
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*D. A. Campbell*



## THE CIRCLE

I once had a cell partner who was considered crazy. He would stay awake all night catching roaches.

After drawing a circle on the floor near the door, he would capture every roach that would enter his circle, and while holding the captured roach in his cupped hands, he would ask it why it had dared to enter into his circle when there were so many other areas into which it may have wandered. After a time, when he was certain that the roach would not answer his Questions, he would tear the legs off the roach and gently placing the limbless creature on its back, he would cry as he watched the frantic efforts of the roach as it tried to right itself. The more it struggled, the greater the grief in my cellmate's tears. Until finally, with an insane shriek of "STUPID!" he would smash the helpless insect with the palm of his hand and calmly wipe the crushed remains of his errant victim on his trousers and wait for the next roach that might enter into his horrible circle.

After two nights of that, I applied for and was granted a cell change, and as I was gathering my belongings I asked him why he did the things he did, and he said that he was being merciful to the roaches that struggled, because like convicts they were stupid and didn't realize that whenever they did manage to flip over there would be no legs  
for them to walk on.

*Michael Alonzo*



OLD

The sun's rays filter  
through decrepit blinds  
illuminating  
shafts of swirling dust.

Huddled,  
within herself  
Hunched,  
over a stained blanket  
Plasticized grey green spheres — fading within  
pouching orbs  
half seeing —  
half remembering  
reflecting  
what she was  
what she is —

Palsied parchmented claws  
clutch at me  
as i run by.

*Eileen Kasmir*

Fluffy  
furry  
cotton mounded high  
wispy white clouds brushed across the sky

Ragged  
tattered  
tossed about grey  
hinting of showers today

Massive  
thunderous  
a rolling growl  
black clouds bringing the windswept storm.

*Ana Govani*

and just because it's dark  
and i can't see  
the pictures on the walls  
doesn't mean  
i don't see — your face  
and how it use to be.

just because — the only light  
is the illuminated clock  
telling me it's 3 am  
and theres snoring  
besides me —  
doesn't mean  
i can't see  
you and me  
and how it use to be.

and the damn  
Rude alarm clock  
assaults my conscious dreams  
and the snoring  
stops and grunts and stumbles to the bathroom  
how clearly —  
i can see  
you and me — and how  
it use to be.

*Eileen Kasmir*



A year-round phenomenon in Florida is the violent sunstorm. I'll never forget the first one I experienced. It was shortly after the spring equinox, and the Gold Coast was sunned in for almost a week. The sunshine was piled sky high, and streets and driveways were buried for days. In fact, sun was so thick in the streets that traffic was brought to a standstill and many businesses and schools were closed. Children were delighted to play in the sunshine, but many people were marooned along the beaches where reflection from sand and water made conditions serious. Lots of people abandoned their cars and sought refuge at the beach bars where spirits and a friendly atmosphere revived many sun-shocked people. Many travelers and tourists were stranded on the beaches, but rescue workers came to their aid with beach towels, suntan oil and copies of *The Beginner's Guide to Shell Collecting*. Things finally cleared up on the fifth day though, when the prevailing easterlies brought afternoon showers.

*J. Zoe Grovatski*



## PATTERNS

Patterns that whirl before me  
Dancing, dancing, never sitting still  
Within the confines of their crystal cage  
They wander where they will  
I shake their cage  
Again they start to spin  
Seeking an escape  
They dart about within  
Tinted with rainbow colors  
Glinting as they go  
As a liquid prism they shine  
Now going fast, now going slow  
The glass slips from my hand  
To burst upon the floor  
And leaves only a memory  
Of the beauty that they wore

*Karl Kline*

## STORMS' END

I seek a haven from the storm,  
A refuge that defies the thund'ring skies  
And shelters me safe and warm  
I fly before a fearsome gale,  
A chill wind that blows until no one knows  
In what direction I sail  
I'm tossed about like a wooden chip  
My yardarms moan; my canvases groan  
And I teeter upon an abyss lip  
About me the everlasting thunder rolls,  
Lightning plies the darkened skies  
And the winds shriek like Hell — damned souls  
Alas! My steering ropes break . .  
The wheel spins free as I plow through the sea —  
Leaving a twisting, sinuous wake  
I'm drawn into a vortex, a Stygian pit  
Where neither brawn nor brain can ease my pain  
And the blackness seems utterly infinite . .  
The strain is hideously appalling,  
My timbers crack, the sails go slack  
And still I go on, forever falling  
I'm being torn asunder, my death is near  
I meet my end without a friend . .  
But also without fear.

*Karl Kline*





#### THE TEAR

There she stood, oblivious to the world  
Unconscious of the stones being hurled,  
Locked in the stocks as a common thief,  
One small tear, alone, betrayed her grief  
By that one tear the peasant crowd was troubled  
And sought to remove it by stones and oaths redoubled  
She had but taken a pittance worth of bread  
A worried mother seeing that her baby was fed  
And now she was a prisoner in the stocks  
A helpless target held down by chains and locks  
She had lost all that she had once held dear,  
For that, not herself, she shed that last lonely tear.

Karl Kline

Tim Stephens



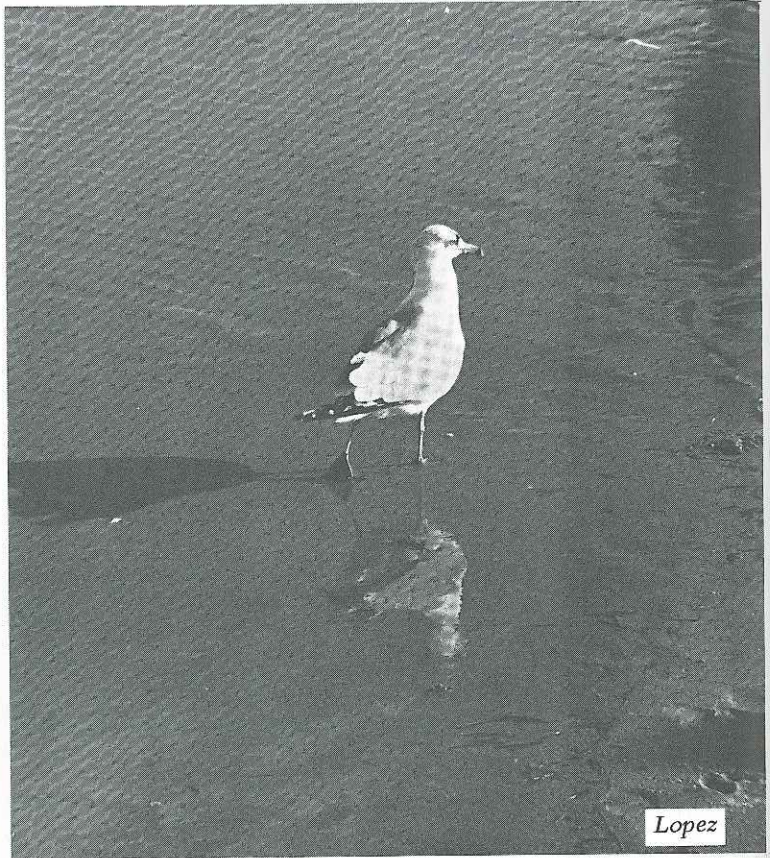
## LIVING AFLOAT IS FUN

Having found the boat of our dreams, a dirty, run-down derelict needing a major overhaul on the engines and a scrub down from stem to stern, my husband and I began to make plans to refurbish our "new home." Long ago we had decided that it would be a wonderful experience for the children to live aboard a fairly large boat, not to mention all the fun the whole family would have. Imagine all the trips to the islands we could make, all the fishing we could do, the fun of cooking aboard and all the fun we would have re-decorating the cabins and the stateroom!

We began refurbishing our "dream boat" after a long tedious trip from Miami to Singer Island that was so much fun that we can still vividly remember the details, especially our close call with death when a three hundred foot freighter nearly ran over us! After several weeks of working on the engines, the water heater, the air conditioner, the lights and sealing the decks, we were now ready to live aboard the "Lady Patricia." Everybody knows that a boat, no matter how ratty, should have a lovely name.

Learning how to make the bunks was the first fun experience. After three attempts on each one we decided that each member of the family would make his own because neat beds didn't count on a boat anyway.

Cooking could definitely not be a team effort as the galley was only large enough for one person to move around in. Being a gourmet cook presented a few problems as there was no stove nor oven. Everyone was so excited about eating the first meal on the boat that each gathered around the galley (two children and the dog on the steps leading down into the galley, father at the table and kitty cat perched on the refrigerator) to watch mother prepare her first delectable feast afloat. As the boat rocked to and fro, the china and candles on the table began to shift from East to West and back again. The electric skillet blew a fuse because the coffee pot was also plugged in. The hot water heater blew a fuse because someone forgot to turn the



Lopez

switch off before plugging the hot plate in. Three hours later, the family sat down to eat a real gourmet dinner prepared by none other than the famous Colonel Sanders.

Dinner over, it was now time for showers for the children. Since we had only a ten gallon water heater, father had computed that a two minute shower would be sufficient. This being an impossibility for a child, we had to follow a specific routine called, "Head Rule Number Three." Turn on water, wet down; turn off water, soap down; turn on water, rinse down; count to fifteen and turn off water. "Head Rule Number Two" was, pump head ten times with foot on pedal then pump head ten times with foot off pedal. "Head Rule Number One" was, use only five squares of toilet paper so as not to hang up the head.



The breakfast routine was just as pleasant as the dinner routine. The skillet blew a fuse because the toaster was plugged in and the toaster blew a fuse because the coffee pot was plugged in. Fido fell overboard trying to get off the boat (it was a four foot step-down at high tide) to take her morning constitutional and was quickly retrieved by father. Kitty cat was so frightened that she would not get off the boat for any reason. The children worked on their bunks for two and one half hours and decided it would be more fun to help mother with the dishes.

Finally finished with the morning chores, we began to redecorate our new home. There would be new drapes, new bedspreads, carpeting here, wallpaper there, two new chairs and a T.V.

After several weeks of living by all the "boat rules," we had finally settled down to what seemed (at least to other people) a life of luxury and fun when lo and behold the rains came! We soon discovered that the Lady Patricia did not like rain. She leaked from the top, she leaked from the bottom; she leaked on the port side, she leaked on the starboard side; in fact she leaked from stem to stern!

The wallpaper got wet, the carpeting got soaked, the bedspreads were drenched, the drapes were dripping and kitty cat was shivering. Although no one complained, father would occasionally say something to the effect that it was a new experience and we were all learning something from it. The children would agree with him and add something to the effect that it was part of growing up but boating wasn't really any fun. Mother could be heard muttering something about at least not having to cut the lawn every week.

The breakfast routine never changed nor did the dinner routine. The head rules never changed but we were always out of hot water. The dog fell overboard at least once a month and kitty cat ran away. It always rained. We were so busy having fun on the boat that we never took her fishing and couldn't find the time for even one trip to the islands.

This wonderful new experience lasted about six months at which time the family decided to try a whole new experience; something really new and really different . . . like moving to an apartment!

*Patricia Ryan*

## ICE CREAM

I crave paper  
like  
I used to crave Ice Cream  
when  
the flavor didn't matter  
only  
the sweetness  
but  
Ice Cream is for kids  
too much  
will make a woman fat  
and  
ultimately unhappy  
so  
I had to stop the craving  
but  
my taste changed instead  
so  
I now crave paper  
and  
my pen swallows it greedily  
and  
instead of making flesh  
my

desire becomes a song  
I  
think that all along  
I  
craved the sweetness of creation  
and  
white paper is my favorite  
like  
vanilla used to be  
but  
any flavor/color will do.

*Joyce Salamone*



## I THINK AT DEATH THE SOUL DEPARTS THROUGH THE EYES

When death is near, there are many signs —  
From heatless limbs to Chenye-Stokes breath,  
From bloodless skin to death-wish groans,  
From organs ceased to systems closed —

But of all the deaths I've ever seen,  
One Sign, I think, shows it best —  
Dying Eyes do Death reflect.

These Lights, these Windows, of the Soul  
Surmise the endings of us all;  
Enlarged and glazed they stare and roll,  
Retreat within and watch it all.

I've looked into such filmy eyes;  
I've felt their quest probe deep my own.  
But Dying Eyes are hard to bear,  
For they seem to ask, "Why me? Why me?"

I have no answers and do not know  
Why he or she or they, not I.  
And so I turn my eyes away, then  
Touch their arms as if to say,

"I know, I know; mine, too, will come."

*Joyce E. Blackwell*

## TO GOD WITH LOVE

Thank you God for lending me  
A tiny baby loving me  
Seem for years I begged You so  
For a child but then . . . You know

She's Your little girl that makes me smile  
Just in my care for a little while  
I'll do my best just wait and see  
To make You glad that You chose me

How happy she is, how quickly she grows  
She's Yours and adopted and already knows  
That she's loved by You and loved by me  
She's a cherished gift in our family

See my heart so filled with joy  
Next, may I borrow a little boy?

Sincerely,  
Patricia

*Patricia Ryan*



### "AT THE LIBRARY"

I am sitting alone — an empty table  
On the far side of the room.  
I often come here to read;  
To brush up on my studies.

I am taking courses — being a senior.  
But today my books remain untouched;  
Magazines on the table are left unopened  
For the pull of your nearness is stronger!

With an air of authority  
(Being the assistant librarian)  
You sit filing cards; your red hair sparkling.  
You are the gay afterglow of this frosty winter!

The snow weaves its drifts in pathways,  
In peoples' lawns, in gateways, In  
Fields of afar; and during all this  
You are still contained in your work.

Ever more do I gaze at you!  
(Outside, the world was gray and snowy cold)  
Ever more do you warmly melt this world  
And I adore you for that!

Occasionally you blow your nose — the sniffles  
And I smile softly because of your contorted faces;  
Blessing you for being so real  
So wonderfully natural!

As always, time escapes quickly with little notice  
Because my heart, the mind and body, is melted  
Into the silence and eternity of dreams;  
And at three twenty-two I left my seat.

Outside, heavily falling snowflakes continue  
Sculpturing February with deep drifts;  
Even long after the corridors have emptied  
And silenced the chatters within.

*Donnell Zaborowski*

### HIGH SCHOOL LOVE

and i scratched his name  
over and over and over  
on old desks and in  
english and science books,

And still —  
in my mind;  
His face —  
his smile  
the way he walked away —  
i always watched  
because  
i knew —  
he wouldn't see.

*Eileen Kasmir*



Wife Goes To School

Are you sure  
you want me  
to take a different road  
without you?

Don't you feel  
a danger  
in my liberation?  
I do.

But I want  
a little part of me  
that's separate  
from you,

And I've felt  
I have depended  
for my everything  
upon you.

Wait for me,  
you've grown away,  
and there's a chasm deep  
I must cross.

You have grown,  
but I have stayed  
a little girl.  
Wait! I'm lost!

*Joyce Salamone*





*Lauryl Rodgers*



Faith  
Hope  
Courage

trying to hold on to these  
don't want to l

o  
o  
s  
e  
n my grip

Refuse to let it go.

**HOLD ON TIGHT!**  
don't let frustration  
shake my soul  
Or loosen up the grip on **PROGRESS.**

*Pam Lafsky*

### His Eyes

His eyes  
warm  
brown  
fringed with lashes  
girls cry for  
and Maybelline promises  
but does not deliver

His eyes  
momentarily  
transmitting  
inner fires  
belieing his passive face  
his cool reserve  
he let down his guard  
long enough for me to see

His eyes  
told me the truth  
as words never could  
truthfully I say  
I loved him first for his eyes

*Joyce Salamone*

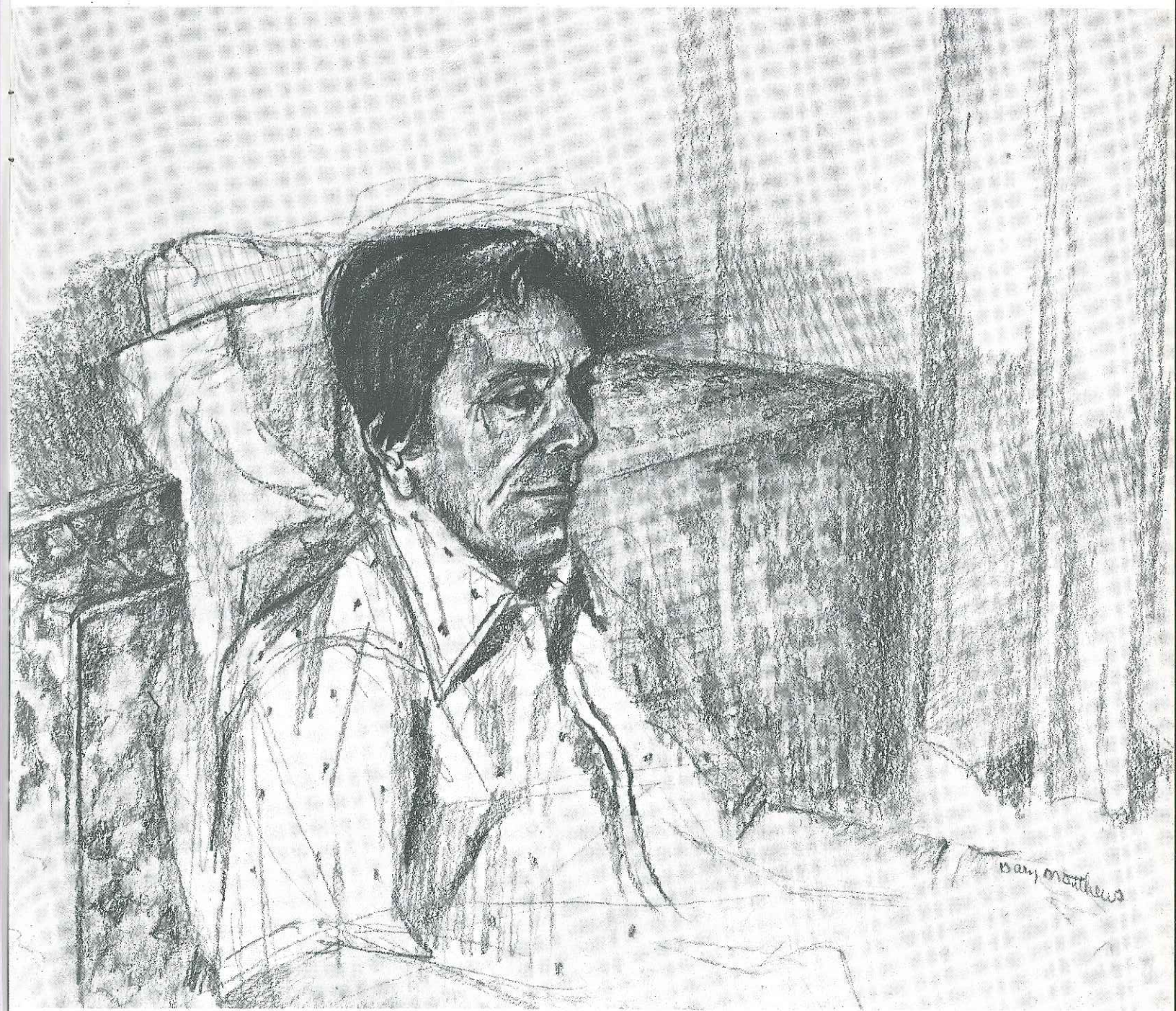
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### Playing At Tennis

How I love these tennis dresses  
with matching hats to shield my tresses.  
White, with just a touch of pink  
or blue. Now which one do you think  
would look the very best on me?  
The pink? Oh, yes, I do agree.  
A racquet, which one should I get  
to blast that sphere across the net?  
I'll need a bag to carry things —  
the balls and sweaters I must bring.  
And white wrist-bands to stop the sweat.  
I'm ready now to face that net.  
Perfect and proper from head to toes  
with all my gear and tennis clothes.  
If I had some money left to pay  
for lessons, I might even play.

*Joyce Salamone*





Gary Matthews



Father Sun —

makes us all shadowy giants against  
the earth, he exaggerates everything  
as he grows old in the Western Sky.  
he makes us all feel our inferiority as  
we glance up to him. he makes such an  
impression that his image is banded on  
our lids for a time.  
the sky grows dim under his majestic glow;  
the birds frolic in the rays, their bodies  
silhouetted against him.  
a distant pond tries to mimic his beauty  
but fails as he  
slowly declines.  
the trees seem to wave him good-bye as they  
catch his fading glitter, and soon he dies in  
the distant woods . . . only to triumphantly  
be reborn tomorrow.

*Mary Beth Shipman*

never beginning, never ending . . . a constant  
flow of sparkling bodies — what a miracle!  
how to think of a forever?

like the ever-flowing sands of time, the stars  
are sprinkled in curious patterns. some shoot across  
the sky. are they searching for their destiny?  
— nomads of space?

they look so beautiful and free as i gaze  
upon them. i wonder what it's like up there — to  
suddenly be spread through eternity — my soul touching  
each small light, knowing no bounds.

as i live each day, in love with you, i know  
that somehow, someday, i'll experience a feeling  
of eternity — with you at my side.

*Mary Beth Shipman*



I Am  
Without the sweet perfumes of spring,  
young green trees — reborn,  
sprouts of new life peeping through rich earth,  
and the magical, lighthearted feeling called spring fever.

I Am  
Without the orange, red, brown, and yellow festive leafery  
picturesque as it shades the ground and sky,  
and the brisk, cool breezes welcoming winter.

I Am  
Without the icy chilled touch of fluffy snow  
that brings warmth to hearts and binds them together.

I Am  
Where summer is ALL the time.

Such dreams do the seasons become,  
When they're missed.  
Just like you my love,  
You bring me the sweetness of spring  
Filled with the fires of autumn,  
Chilled with the freshness of winter  
And warmed by the heat of the summer.  
You're the season of my seasons,  
Adding spice to my life,  
And giving it a whole new taste.

*Pam Lafsky*

Smiling pictures, love confessed letters, blue and pink  
dried daisies, two multicolor fans, a lock of darn brown  
hair, an army pay sheet, and a tearful newspaper article:

Memories of you & us flooding my mind.  
Once an innocent lovers' paradise  
too soon crushed and tarnished  
by life's impairments and lovers' deception.

me — too young to understand  
you — too young to explain to me

A segment of my life tucked neatly away for future reference  
Becoming an encyclopedia for love.

*Pam Lafsky*



It began as a fairly commonplace day in downtown New York. Commuters were rushing about as subway trains rumbled up to their stations. Traffic was progressing from one stoplight to the next as weary traffic cops tried to unsnarl a traffic jam at the corner. Pigeons were everywhere, leaving their regards to mix with the dust and soot that was inescapable. Merchants were taking down grates from their storefronts and opening their doors for a new day of business. Yes, it was very commonplace for New York at 9 AM on a Monday morning.

I was piloting my seven year old Chevy down Broadway, silently cursing at the cacophony of sounds that were coming from the traffic jam ahead of me and were wreaking such havoc with my head and my hangover. Sitting in my car, I was feebly trying to remember what it was that I had drunk the night before that had left such a vile aftertaste in my mouth that even my mouthwash had failed to remove it.

Until the previous Friday I had been a junior reporter for the Daily Press. Unfortunately, my editor had come home early that evening only to find me and his wife in a somewhat compromising situation. Probably the only reason I was still alive was the fact that I knew too much of his own indiscretions when he had supposedly been out of town. As it was it did me very little good to contemplate the reasons for my present state of affairs. I had quite enough problems trying to correct them, considering the fact that there was no way I could acquire a letter of recommendation from my former employer. As a matter of fact, I had probably been blackballed with every paper on the east coast.

Suddenly, my reverie was interrupted as a slight earth tremor shook my car. Nothing severe, but enough to draw my attention away from my own troubles and pay more heed to my surroundings. There was very little reaction as several such tremors had occurred over the past week and the news services had reported that there was nothing to fear since several reliable geologists declared the shocks minor and completely harmless.

Then the second shock came and the world as I knew it came to an end. The ground shuddered and seemed to liquefy as the earthquake rolled through town in unending waves.

Crevices opened, swallowing pedestrians and automobiles before they slammed shut again. Whole blocks of buildings were crumbling into the streets. Gas mains ruptured in hundreds of isolated spots and fires were breaking out on all sides. Many were trampled to death as crowds, heedless of any welfare but their own, ran before the devastation that was now New York. Auto accidents were common as panicky drivers tried to get clear of the area of destruction. I saw as many as twenty cars in a single pileup. Fire was spreading throughout the city, engulfing blocks of buildings at a time while those poor souls that were trapped within screamed and screamed and screamed with no one to help and no one to hear. People were flying in panic while on all sides wholesale looting was taking place. Hundreds were tearing at debris with their bare hands screaming, sobbing, calling the names of their loved ones. Hordes were trying to outrun a holocaust that was all around them. Many of them never made it. Day turned to night as clouds of smoke billowed skyward, blotting out any trace of the sun and a steady rain of ashes fell on all parts of the city.

I remained in my car at first, too nauseated by the sudden shock to join the crowds around me. Then as I recovered I saw the panic and wreckage around me and decided to remain where I was, a decision that was short lived as a building came down mere yards from where my car sat. Leaving the car, I mixed with the crowds, gradually working my way towards Central Park hoping to stay clear of the fires and the buildings that swayed and threatened to collapse with each new quake.

The worst shocks were past and I made my way to the park with relatively little trouble, stopping only to take a transistor radio and some batteries from a broken storefront window, something I might just as well not have bothered with since all the radio stations were out of commission.

New York burned for four days and nights, during which time no one was able to get into or out of the city and thousands of lives were lost. Those survivors that were able came to Central Park and stayed there, leaving only when it became absolutely necessary to go foraging for food. Even then, many people went completely without food for the entire period.



Finally it was over, the fires burned themselves out, the earthquakes stopped and outside help was able to reach us in the form of helicopters. Food was given out, medical dispensaries were set up and the evacuation began. As it turned out, some two thousand square miles of land had risen approximately eighty feet and the Hudson River had changed its course so as to come out some fifty miles east of where it had originally been. Long Island and Manhattan were now part of the mainland and were now twenty miles from the nearest beaches. Of course New York was finished as a seaport and the wreckage was so complete that rebuilding was never seriously considered.

Now I hear that a new city is being planned at the Hudson Rivers' new outlet. They say that it's going to be as great a seaport as old New York ever was. Frankly, I doubt that it can ever be as great as New York, but it won't take too much effort to make it better. Perhaps someday it will be as great as New York once was, but if that happens, I hope that it will be greatness without the shortcomings that were part and parcel of the huge old city . . .

*Karl Kline*

### Marry Me

All of a sudden  
the joking is set aside  
for comfort,  
    and hidden thoughts  
are found like treasures in a chest of  
gold glistening hope.  
For a bond of gold  
encircles all the fun and comfort,  
never ending  
always beginning,  
remembering the words  
of your softness  
when you found that  
    treasure chest.

*Liz Barone*

### Rainbow

Your lost image swept past  
my window  
as I blinked  
in the morning.  
It could have been a dream,  
but my thoughts were blank  
and your features distorted.  
Double mirrored visions  
cast shadows from the stars,  
and I could not detect which  
way you ran.  
Wind blew sand over your tracks,  
and rain washed your colors  
'till they ran together into a  
rainbow.  
When I looked again,  
you stood at the end  
of violet, while red  
chased the sun —  
I could not fly  
so I chose to run . . .

*Liz Barone*



Bourbon Street

the billboard said

Al Hirt is back in town  
I thought i'd see him there  
    pied-piping the pseudo-children  
    down Bourbon Street  
even at one o'clock in the afternoon

Instead

i saw a girl clad in  
    a dirty white bikini  
                                she had outgrown  
                                fifteen pounds  
                                ago

she was sitting outside a dingy building  
    on Bourbon Street  
    saying  
comeandgetitinside — adollarandaquarter  
i think she meant a drink

The door was open and i saw inside

a lumpy woman dancing on a stage  
    undulating  
    ghastly white in the smokey light  
i guess she was the

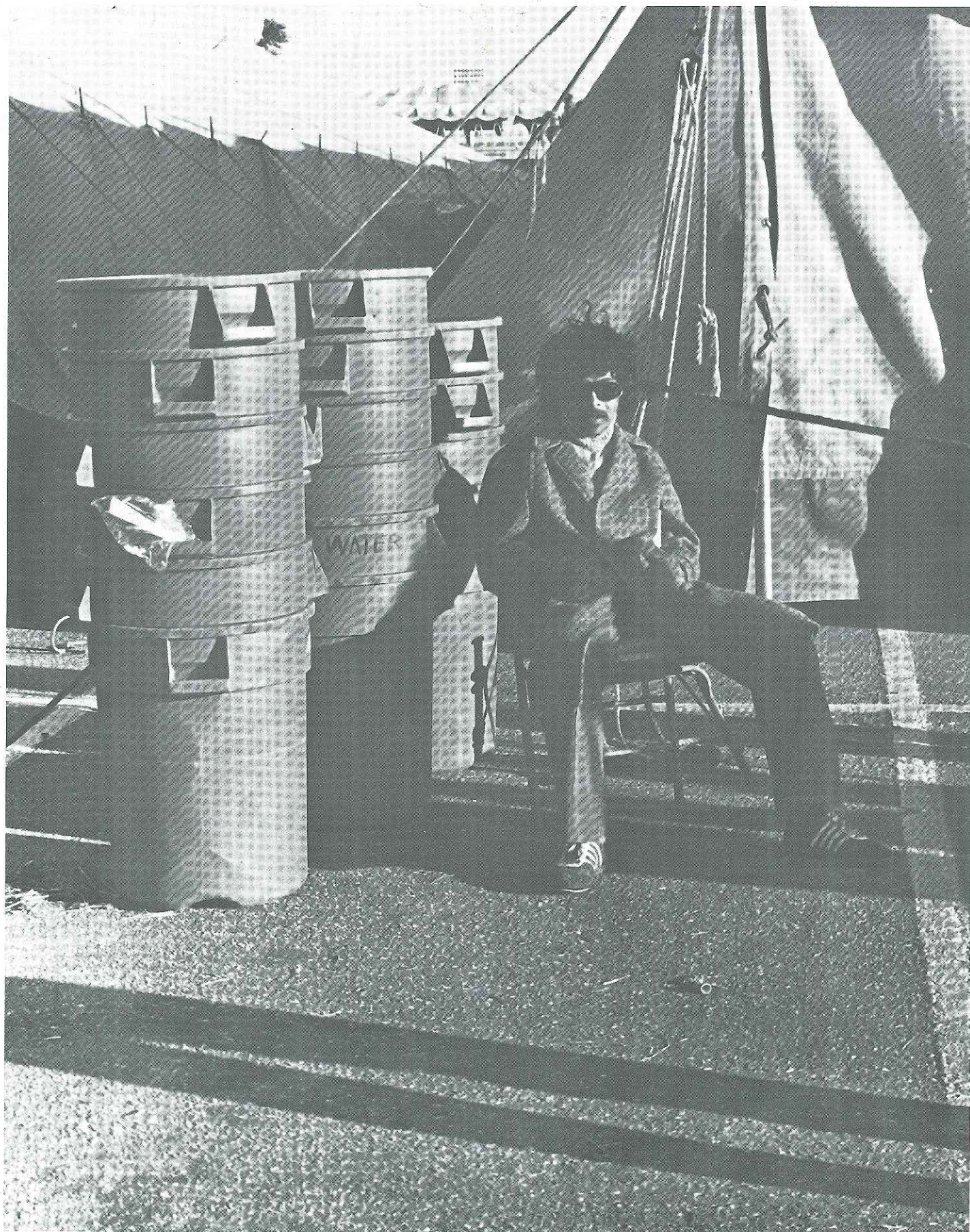
    SWEET YOUNG LOVELY  
    advertised outside in neon  
    on Bourbon Street  
or was the SWEET YOUNG LOVELY  
sitting outside wearing eye shadow put on days ago  
    saying comeandgetit  
in a voice as flat as my disillusionment  
    of Bourbon Street

Somewhere a mother wonders

                                where is my sweet young lovely daughter  
    she is dead  
but you can find her shell  
    on Bourbon Street  
    a shell — not sweet or young or lovely  
but right at home and blending in  
    with the glamour of  
    Bourbon Street

*Joyce Salamone*





*Millie Hicks*



## YOUR YOU

I remember when I was footloose,  
and sometimes recluse.  
                    before you.  
In the world without a care,  
first here, then there.  
                    before you.  
The loves I had were just play,  
lasting only from day to day.  
                    before you.  
I thought at the time those days were great,  
no need to think or meditate.  
                    and then you.  
My life and style were turned around,  
I couldn't believe what I had found.  
                    in you.  
Each day I gathered more of your Light,  
now, no need for fear or fright,  
and temptations seemed so very slight.  
                    because you.  
We walked in each others footsteps,  
We talked in each others words,  
We saw from each others eyes,  
and our love grew.  
                    just you.  
Our road from there has been straight and true,  
and you and I have grown fold two.  
                    just you.  
Now, two more hearts that we must keep,  
To protect and love with no need to compete,  
And you love for me has not slightened nor faltered,  
                    that's you.  
These words seem so unworthy and small,  
But, because your you, you'll understand them all.  
I need you more than earth needs sun,  
And the reason is —  
                    Your You.

*Dan Haupt*

## Fall Colors

Growing up  
half in pine tree country  
and half in cactus country  
I  
never saw Fal like this;  
my  
nose pressed against the car window  
like  
a kid. The  
kids in the back seat  
watched  
the scenery for  
quite awhile. Now  
they play with souvenirs  
purchased in the  
"Smokey — Mountain-Hillbilly  
Craft-Shoppe,"  
But the kid  
in the front seat  
captures  
souvenirs with  
her eyes.  
Pictures to keep  
and show herself on  
some  
gray  
day.

*Joyce Salamone*





**NOSTALGIA  
1957-1975**



SONNET I:  
IMMORTALITY  
by Watson B. Duncan, III

*The year is gone:  
the facile pen shall leap  
To hold forever battles lost and won;  
The pen, racing against oblivion  
Immortalizes Armageddon's sweep.  
Boundaries change,  
and seas and mountains cower;  
Man feeds the irony of genesis;  
Volumes of chaos growing out of this  
Would wall up progeny  
in some dark tower.  
And yet among these  
ponderous and grim  
Old manuscripts of war  
there shall be books,  
Slender and bright, that sing  
of stars and brooks,  
And faith: of peace  
as life's own synonym.  
And men shall lay  
their histories aside  
To know that love  
and beauty never died.*



My Love is a Baby Blue  
CADILLAC  
*a love poem in the modern manner*  
*by Alice Ryan*

What art thou, product of  
The automotive industry thou art  
People say thou werst —  
Let them say, the don't know  
    how the transmission works  
Thou wearest thy top down in  
    cold weather  
But thou hast a heater on the  
    inside  
Blue convertible  
Blue Cadillac convertible  
How say the people  
Prize question one: thou hast  
    a television set in the  
    back seat  
Two: thou hast white-wall tires  
Three: is the television set  
    in color  
Thy black and white television  
    set receives in color  
Thou ordinary extraordinary  
    machine  
I love thy hub-caps  
C-A-D-I-L-L-A-C  
I drool thy name  
Thy name dribbles like molasses  
Dost thou already know  
I can also read thee from  
    behind, for thou,  
Thou most glorious of all,  
Thy tail lights reveal  
What thou art doing  
Cadillac, blue Cadillac  
I love thy hub-caps

1958

---

What of the world

We look from earth into the spangled skies  
That cross the heaven's wide unageing bars,  
And think not of the earth as home of man  
But as the smallest speck in God's great plan.

What is the earth compared to giant suns?  
And what are we when placed beside this world?  
The world on which we live and die is one  
Of countless worlds throughout the skies unfurled.

All men can look into the stars and think  
And hear the voice of countless ages ring.  
Is there a man who hearing does not shrink  
From power, and disclaim an earthly king?

For such a man this earth can be at best  
A home for empty souls and thoughtless shell.  
His heart within him can provide no rest  
From constant tortures of his self-made hell.

*j. patrick burnett*  
1959



## FROM THE POET IN HIS LATTER DAYS

You complain my love's no longer singing  
As brightly as it did in courtship days.  
You ask for songs of love and adoring  
Such as "... you're the silver moonlight moving ..."  
Or "... I love the magic music of your ways ..."

So, now, in answer, I ask: Don't you know  
Of the versifications of a kiss?  
— Or an embrace? Doesn't the rhythmic flow  
Of constant sharing, of common thoughts show  
The meter of our minds? Can you feel this?

Don't you hear the rare and lovely rhymings  
Of our children's laughter, the cadence of  
Their wondrous growing? Don't you sense the things  
That bring to every day its own blessings  
Woven in a joyous sonnet of love?

Oh, wife of mine — companion — part of me —  
(And mostly) lover, sweet! Though songs be stilled,  
All this noontime, mundane, ordinary,  
Not-moonlight-and-music living shall be  
Always a poem — our ode of love fulfilled!

*Josh Crane*  
1960

soundless

When a heart breaks  
No sudden cry is heard  
To warn the thoughtless passer-by  
A tragedy has occurred.  
For a heart breaks  
Slowly as the buds unfold  
When its burden of grief  
Grows too heavy to hold.

*Watson B. Duncan, III*  
1960

## FUTILITY

In a dream last night  
I saw the damned  
peering from giant mushrooms  
of radioactive dust  
i saw the comic world  
war flags unfurled  
and now pitiful remains  
only dust  
the earth no longer trembles  
the craters in her buckled crust  
have turned cities into dust  
there are no monuments  
factories  
parks  
gardens  
man no longer fights  
man no longer hates  
man no longer cries  
in joy or pain  
the tides still rise  
the rains still fall  
the wind still blows  
but for whom?

*Frank Witty*  
1961



Out of a nightmare  
Screams the whirling, shining city,  
Dice clicking on glazed mahogany,  
Roulette wheels spinning a reflection –  
A hungry, ragged child.  
Wild, dancing city, cries  
Its wealth and poverty.

Sue Smith  
1961

The most popular game on campus, I'll wager,  
Is the fascinating pastime, "Musical Majors."  
It's played to the tune of the IBM  
And easy to master, just follow your whim.  
First, line up careers in math and psychology,  
English, history, art, and biology.  
The rules are flexible, not very tenuous,  
And, best of all, it's not as strenuous  
As "Musical Chairs," an elementary revision.

Lucia Robson  
1960



## REMEMBRANCE

I walk in a veil of mist trying to forget,  
But fool and idiot that I am I find this impossible.  
I realize that what was once mine is no longer,  
And this I should know, but truth is hard to take.  
I loved and still love that which I remember,  
But can no longer be mine.

Mist and fog, rain and squalls depress me  
To an extent unrealized by most people,  
For I think, and this is bad.  
And in thinking I think of you — something I cannot have  
And yet, something I still yearn for.  
What makes me like I am?

To share one's hopes, dreams, aspirations, fears  
Is something unexplainable.  
I miss this opportunity.  
And if one cannot share that which one loves, one is dead.  
This is the way I feel.  
How can this be explained? Perhaps it can't.

I remember you for what you were,  
And this I can never forget!  
Hard as I try, and hard as I blot my mind like a blotter  
Blotting ink, I still find I have the outline.  
Perhaps I shall never forget;  
Perhaps I shall always remember —

You, with your soft voice;  
The tender touch that I now miss;  
The concern, the quiet beauty, the believing in me.  
Yes, these come singly  
As drops of rain in a pool fall,  
And leave their patterns.

As snow melts, perhaps someday in some way my memory will also,  
But this I do not really believe.  
I must escape from all, but how is difficult.  
For now I walk alone amidst the ever-darkening night;  
Hoping to forget you, but seeing you  
In my dreams.

You who changed the pattern of my life,  
Who influenced me for good.  
What can I now do?  
And sometimes when the tropical winds whip their lashes  
Across the island, I become as though I were nothing.  
Thinking, remembering. How can I stop?

To love, and realize too late the fault of oneself  
Is but to commit disaster.  
I know that I shall never be what you wanted me to be,  
Nor become anything but a nonentity.  
For when cupid strings his bow and shoots his arrow,  
One cannot survive the sting.



I love thee for what thou are, and for what thou may do.  
No matter where or when you may change,  
I shall still hold on firmly  
To that wonderful memory  
Of you;  
Always you.

And so I walk in a pleasure of sorrow along the street,  
And I try to remember.  
The slow drops patter.  
This mist upon the flowers has made them sweet.  
I brush them with my sleeve;  
The cool drops scatter.

Suddenly, I laugh,  
And I stand and listen as if another had laughed.  
A shower of raindrops hits stone and dust.  
And it seems as though it were you who had shaken the branch  
And spilled the fragrance.  
I pursue your face again —

It disappears and then grows more vague and lovely.  
It escapes me now.  
I remember that you are no longer here and drown in pain.  
Something there was I said to you;  
I try to recall, something, just as the music seemed to fade.  
What were the words, words like fire?

I remember everything now, and smile in sweet repose.  
I rehearse the scene  
Much more beautiful than before.  
And you have become much more beautiful,  
And I have become much more wise  
Only to lose you.

I shall pursue your ghost wherever it may be,  
And in doing so I shall probably not find that which gave me life.  
And so, suddenly, with a pang that hurts,  
I become aware that you no longer exist in my life.  
I still remember you.  
The most beautiful ghost I knew, and I shall never forget the image.

*P. William McDaniel*  
1962



Terrified and incoherent screeches that are but intermittent releases of energy mingle with the sobbing of the sea. Jagged metallic fragments grate rhythmically with the confused pulsations of the briny deep. She, who once had been so proudly rigged with the drab but efficient finery of geometric form is now metamorphosed to a shapeless, twisted image.

Torpedoes, trailing silent bubbles, relentlessly and successfully stalk her for the kill. They pierce the outer skin, rip the blister, and erupt death and destruction. She is mortally wounded; her bowels are blasted wide, extending an invitation for the restless sea silently to steal fragments of floating wreckage.

Engine room machinery not torn loose is strangely quiet. Missing are the normal sounds of efficiency, the whirl of machinery, the snapped orders of the Engineering Officer, the constant clanking of the shaft screws, the change in pitch of sounds as the drive increases or decreases tempo. All the sounds that existed as pandemonium to the uninitiated now speak the gibberish of death.

The droning of the shaft-revolution indicator is replaced by a tick-tick-tat, telegraphed back through the ship from the outside lapping of water against metal. The whirl of engines, now dead, is substituted by the gush and gurgle of sea water sloshing ever higher.

The agonies of mortal injury have convulsive expressions that are alien to the engine room of a Lady, so recently proud of whirl, bustle, and rhythm. The song of mechanical efficiency is replaced by a dirge. A steam line hisses snake-like, first clear and sharp, then gurgles and sputters as the water envelops it. Each pulse of the restless sea creates sounds that change with the ebb and flood through her shattered side. The screeching is subdued by the transfusion of sea water for the air of life.

A ship whose first clashing drink was Champagne, now gulps and gags on brine served by his royal majesty King Neptune.

*Bill Flory*  
1962

ash  
wednesday

To circle not  
The prime concern  
Of ragged face  
And oblong curse.  
To clean in vain  
The surfaced leaf  
Of pointed straw  
And intoned ash:  
The color of dark  
On diamond skin —  
The shadow of night  
On the Son of Him  
Who loves.

*Frank Leahy*  
1962



## THE AMUSED GOD

The Sea swirls and whirls,  
In fury it washes away the sands of life.

And the Wind blows and pushes:  
Pushes against the trees, the buildings, the cities, and the nations.  
And they crumble.

And as the blood seeps into the ground  
The heavens open, and God appears,  
Laughing.

*Jim Forman*

1964

## MY ENEMIES

The night was cold and lonely as I walked  
along the shore of the sea, thinking and  
wondering. The stars overhead laughed down  
upon me and seemed to say, "We knew he  
would leave you, we knew, we knew . . ."

The moon seemed to mock me in the  
smile which appeared on his face, "He said he  
loved you but he didn't, he didn't . . ."

The wind, howling and taunting said,  
"They helped him to find someone else,  
someone else . . ."

The sea itself reared and directed its  
voice to my ears, "He told you they would  
not interfere, that he would not let them,  
but he has gone, hear me, he has gone . . ."

I fell upon the cold, wet sand, trying to  
silence the haunting sounds which encircled  
and smothered me. My tears disappeared into  
the sand and even the tiny grains echoed, "He  
will not cry for you, He has never cried  
for you . . ."

I stood then and faced the voices of my  
enemies, erect and with a steady voice I  
shouted to them all, "What you say is true.  
Yes, he has gone but I shall always love him.  
Nothing you say will change that!

Suddenly the world became very still.

*Bonnie McChesney*

1963



*Afterglow*

*Beauty abides in half-forgotten places —  
The furrowed loveliness of aging faces.  
The withered blossom of the dying flower,  
The desolation of the rained tower,  
The shore-spent fury of the ebbing wave,  
The grass-grown earth above the untended grave.  
Beauty is fading sunset, fire's burnt embers,  
Lost moments which the wistful heart remembers.*

*Eleanor J. Myatt*

1965



## A PRIMER OF PALMISTRY

By George Nevin

Since the modern trend seems to be toward jobs which require little or no outlay of time or effort, but which are tremendously remunerative, I have endeavored to find the perfect job. And, after years of intensive research, I have discovered the perfect solution to the problem of selecting a suitable line of employment. Of course, the profession of which I speak is that of palm reading, or palmistry.

The first step on the road to a successful career in palmistry is the acquisition of the ability to recognize a palm when one appears. The aspiring palmist who consistently reads his patrons' elbows, false teeth, or (horrors) bumpy heads (this is frowned upon by the United Brotherhood of Phrenologists) will soon come to find that he cannot make a living in palmistry. One easy method for telling the back of the hand from the palm (known by professionals as 'pay dirt') is to grasp the patrons' hand, fingernails up, with your hand, palm down. If it is the patrons' right hand, proceed to rotate it counterclockwise; if it is the left hand, rotate it clockwise. Caution must be exercised at this point, for counter-rotation of the hand is likely to be accompanied by loud screams and distressing language, and is best left to professionals. On further reflection, to follow this method, the palmist must be able to recognize his own palm, which is, to say the least, unlikely. Thus the best method is to trust the patron to inform you if you are reading his knuckles or eyelashes.

Likewise, the aspiring novice who consistently mistakes palm trees for human palms is not likely to achieve great stature as an accomplished palmist, for these botanical phenomena are poor substitutes for the protoplasmic originals. This problem may be solved in one of two ways: solicit the aid of a reputable optometrist, who will be glad to correct the visual portion of the predicament; or abandon the hope of becoming a palmist and concentrate on botany.

The second requisite for palmistry is familiarity with the significance of the various palmar signs and symbols. The traditional signs are still the most important indicators, and of these, the life line is the most vital. The length of this key isostructure indicates the length of the patrons' life, while the manner of termination of the line shows the manner of death of the patron. The novice who experiences difficulty in locating the life line should first wipe the palm to make it more obvious. If this fails, a light placed horizontal to the palm will reveal the line in deep shadow. If *this* fails, and there is no life line on the palm, the palmist should return the hand to the coffin where it belongs, and attempt to locate a live subject upon whom to practice.

Another vital line, the party line, indicates the patron's affinity to orgies and other such forms of entertainment. Other lines are: the clothes line, which shows the patron's fashion consciousness; the fishing line, which shows the patron's sports aptitude; the straight line, showing his likelihood to remain honest once he has been released from prison; the scrimmage line, showing susceptibility to pugilism; the bus line, which indicates whether or not the patron is dependant upon public transportation; and the International Date Line, which shows if the patron is somewhat of a global Romeo.

A word of caution is advisable here. The all-important life line is not to be confused with the lesser line of little or no significance, the thumb line (not to be confused with the plumb line of the surveyor (not to be confused with the purveyor) ).

In addition to these ancient signs, there are several of more recent origin which deserve mention. Wood splinters in the hand indicate the modern affliction of Banner Board Bearing, and result from the carrying of rough board signs in protest parades. A trick buzzer concealed in the palm indicates that the patron is



a practical joker, and is best left to the more experienced members of the profession. A hook found where the hand is usually located indicates that the patron is a pirate. This kind will often manage to escape without paying, and is also better left to veteran palmists. And finally, peanut butter smeared on the palm indicates the patron was interrupted at lunch. Offering him a sandwich could prove beneficial in two ways: first, it might tend to eliminate the occurrence of gastronomic rumblings which have been known to ruin the rapport in the best of seances; and second, a full stomach is likely to prompt the patron to generously reimburse the palmist for his services.

And this brings us to our final point. Although the ability to prognosticate is certainly not necessary in palmistry, it is advisable that the beginner be able to recognize this fact: the divulging of any information which the patron might greet with less than joy could possibly render him unwilling to recompense the palmist in a satisfactory manner. In such cases as this, the palmist should have the foresight and presence of mind to collect his fee prior to divulging the information.

1966

#### BILLBOARDS

Billboards selling latest truths:

Medicare

and

Bathroom tissue.

In the city! On the freeway! Politely covering the  
countryside — hiding those ugly flowers.

Thanks.

*Angeline Albertson*  
1967

#### TO A NEW BORN BABY, 1968

You're late my boy!  
Quite late, you know,  
You haven't time to waste!  
The world is growing  
Much too fast,  
So, hurry now — make haste!

*Jan Sherman*



## FOLK MUSIC

Today folk music plays an important role in influencing all other types of music that we hear. From pure folk music we get today's very popular folk rock. Also from pure folk music we get the use of meaningful lyrics in songs. The evolution of pure folk music through the years has changed with the times and with the singers.

Thirty years ago two new singers with completely different styles from what was then popular began singing. They sang in Greenwich Village and on Hollywood's Sunset Strip in the lesser known places. These singers were Pete Seegar and Woody Guthrie, the fathers of all our folk singers and music. They wrote simple songs that told of such things as the sinking of an American ship named the *Reuben James*. They also wrote humorous songs like the Guthrie composition, "I'm a gonna wrap myself in paper, I'm a gonna dab myself with glue, climb up into my mailbox, I'm a gonna mail myself to you!"

Soon Guthrie and Seegar began to have a small following. Young singers tried to imitate them, and when this failed, they started styles of their own. Gradually these singers also began to be noticed and to have their own disciples. Their numbers increased more as the years went by.

Between 1945 and 1960 folk music almost completely died out again. Seegar and Guthrie still sang, but no one listened to them. Then suddenly about 1961 a young man named Bob Dylan made a record called "Subterranean Homesick Blues," and folk music was on the rise again. New folk singers made their way into the national spotlight. Some of these were Joan Baez, Buffy St. Marie, Donovan, and Peter, Paul and Mary. They no longer sang of simple things. Now they sang of war, drugs, segregation and sex. Buffy St. Marie sings of the plight of the American Indian in "Now That the Buffalo Have Gone." Peter, Paul and Mary sing of equality in "If I Had A Hammer."

In 1967 the trend toward protest folk songs isn't nearly as strong as it was in the early sixties. Now we have folk-rock, music

with folk words and a rock beat. The words use heavy symbolism and are no longer easy to understand. These songs are sung by singers like Simon and Garfunkel or Janis Jan.

Woody Guthrie is now dead, but the trend he started still lives. Pete Seegar still sings in Greenwich Village, but now the management has to turn people away who wish to hear him.

Folk music is now a part of our heritage, and it will last.

Sydney Graham  
1968



## WE'RE GOING TO JUPITER

Injectons leave time behind.  
delays, but holes quickly plugged,  
people nicely drugged —  
We're going away and we won't be back.  
We're leaving behind a desolate track of dirt,  
leaving the Earth forever.

I'm leaving my health in a plastic bag.

All the people will be dead when I return.  
I'll carefully burn their remains  
and send them down bottomless drains,  
replace them with electronic brains.

All that's new,  
I will do it  
to prove I knew it could be done,  
to prove people aren't always right  
and anything can be reversed with a little pain.  
The platitudes I have heard will be gone.  
I'll make my own world  
and weave my own cloth of laws  
with my own thoughts.

Electronic birds, giant electric words,  
screeching, yellow-orange thoughts  
Transporation and laughter,  
quick and high pitched

I love to lie with the hollow witch  
and grind and growl in a muddy ditch  
and watch the ram screw the ewes,  
(Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?)  
mothers drop a stitch,  
and daughters dick and twitch;  
it's an ornamented itch.

Gai bars, strong guitars,  
rancid rooms under stars,  
and atmosphere green with rich.  
Blocks of brick, soot and sot,  
like lousy coffee,  
black and hot,  
a summer's simmering city pot.  
Are you or are you not  
lost in parking lots and places  
of swarming, toothy human faces,  
where water runs out of pipes,  
down guttered streets  
to gleam in midnight street lights,  
where sewers are rat oasis  
no matter how many human faces  
smile their smiles and say . . . oh . . . something  
then drift away.

Jupiter will hold them all,  
hold them in a gaseous ball  
and burn them with her fierty wind,  
turn them into scattered cinders.  
It's only then that I'll be free  
from rules of Anglo-Saxony,  
from silent laws, antiquity,

free from you  
and, yes, free from me.

*David Albee*  
1969



## "TRAGEDY"

a bedtime story  
variations on a theme by T. S. Eliot

Houses,  
creaking and wrinkled,  
stand where I used to live.  
Winds reside there  
and slip past a naked bed  
on their way to the prevailing westerlies;  
I dreamt of you once.  
The women dance to a different tune;  
I don't know it.  
The drinks have been served  
and spilled.  
Stains will remind me of laughter  
in a small room.  
And faded curtains  
Hang around the tomb.  
I whisper something in a corner.  
The women dance to a different tune;  
I don't know it.  
Night holds up its fat, black blanket  
and conversations drop and die  
in brittle, piece-of-crystal sighs.  
WELL, GOOD HEALTH TO YOU ALL,  
I LOVE YOU ALL.  
( The children made a snowman  
down the street.  
Dogs sniff it and greet appropriately.  
The day nods at me  
and chuckles below the horizon.  
I yawn and  
wink back.)  
Last night, asleep and alone,  
I heard a whimper  
and turning,  
caught a glimpse of my reflection  
in life's mirror.  
And, in short,  
I was afraid.  
This morning, I drink the coffee  
and taste the cakes  
& ask what make of man am I?  
&  
How am I to believe my eyes  
and ears?  
I don't even live here.  
I start to cry.

*David Albee*  
1970

## THE SUNDAY PAPER

Family of nine killed by son  
Father watches as he butchers eight  
with the kitchen knife  
and then calls the police.  
Fourteen die on highways in the state  
seven in a head on collision.  
Death toll in Viet Nam rose this week.  
One group of villagers killed by mistake.  
Dick Tracy zapped out another cop  
in his fight for crime.  
The middle east exploded again.  
Fighting going on between five countries.  
Monk burns himself to death in streets of L.A.  
shouting to all of mankind  
PEACE!

*Kathy Lesko*  
1970



## GEOGRAPHIC LOVE

He is The South,  
The stable, never-changing South.  
With blue, ocean eyes,  
a lazy summer smile,  
and hair the color of golden sunshine.  
Independent and proud, he stands tall,  
as the slender palm.  
With a brightness and warmth  
that is, occasionally, broken by  
a hurricane-like temper.

She is The North,  
The unpredictable North.  
With chestnut brown hair,  
and eyes the color autumn leaves.  
Changing as the seasons change  
From sunny and warm, to cloudy and cold.  
She stands rooted, like the oak,  
branching out,  
reaching for him.

*Janet Lenz*  
1971

Aren't you proud America

and you Mr. Eichman  
now you're not alone,  
we're all joined you now.

Come along Mr. Calley,  
our 20th Century Christ.  
you and your disciples together.

Are we forgiven now God?

yes we are,

aren't we?

*Norman Gempel*  
1972

## TOYOTA

I met a man from Boston  
who took me for a ride  
in his yellow Toyota  
(You'll never let go)  
We discussed politics  
(he was a Democrat)  
and whether he sounded like one of the Kennedys  
Also family relationships  
and money  
(he was from Boston)  
He said he would see me tomorrow  
but didn't  
He took me for a ride  
(in his yellow Toyota)

*Consuelo Artola*  
1973



whish!

boom!

bam!

... close the tent flap ...

never to see you again.

What a parody!

a circus entertainment

i've experienced with you.

you paraded your elephants -

stomped them into my heart.

the freak show was an excursion

on many a day.

claws bared

your tigers and lions ripped at my soul,

only to be replaced by the clown's act.

and then up on the tightrope

ready and willing to fall.

acrobatics were the favorite

as you whirled in and out of my life.

Tears of Laughter and Wonder.

Applause and more Applause!

You deserve it for your act.

Now on to the next show

with someone new.

*Barbara Throckmorton*

1974



## WINGS

If words are my feathers,  
Then books are my wings  
When I soar to the sapphire lands of the kings —

Where the dragon is gentled  
By bright Faery throngs,  
And the Unicorn's horn  
Is the truest of songs

Where the moon is a huntress,  
The river a sprite,  
And the silver-winged horse  
Feeds on rainbows at night

And the Fiar Folk go reaping  
The jewels they have sown,  
And the Druids' last sunsets  
Pierce rhymes into stone

Where the ring is enchanted,  
The sword is aflame,  
And the tongue of the Lion  
Is singing my name

When I soar to the sapphire lands of the kinds  
On words that are feathers,  
In books that are wings.

*Tami Smith*  
1975



## TRAINS AND SONGS

Trains and Songs  
boggle consciousness,  
run over well worn tracks of matter and mind.  
somber bongs and gongs,  
raunchy clangs and bangs,  
cement dry clacks and smacks  
of rails and sticks,  
stones and Rock

Over streams and under screams  
trains and songs  
wander through scenery and psychy,  
catch hooks in memory.  
Flashes, snatches, patches;  
they make up the warm quilt of our pasts.  
They make us run up hills  
to relive lost childhood games.  
And when our breath is gone,  
we sit  
and listen to a song  
and stretch our thoughts to watch for trains.

*David Albee*  
1969

## freedom #2

Late at night  
strange beautiful music comes from behind  
    Katrina's vine covered walls  
        and it glows with radiance  
her voice is mystically magic  
    softly sweet and high  
sometimes  
    on saturday nights  
her friends gather in her living room.  
    and live.  
drinking spanish wines and eating cheeses  
    talking politics  
but Katrina just smiles  
    and fills their glasses.  
her movements are her words  
beautifully  
    she gathers all the love within the room  
        and puts it in a pile  
in the middle of the floor  
    and everyone shares the love —  
Katrina always does . . . Katrina always does.

*Sarah George*  
1973



Media, the college literary and art magazine which is published annually in the spring, assists in providing students with an outlet for creative expression. The publication contains both prose and poetry selections, a number of which are illustrated. In toto, the reader is thus provided with a rich world of enjoyment and imagination.

Beginning in the late fall of each year all interested students are urged to submit contributions for possible selection and publication in the spring. The identity of each contributor remains anonymous to the editorial board until after final selections have been chosen. The editors and the editorial board judge each work on the basis of quality of thought, excellence of material, individuality of style, and originality. In short, the board tries to select the finest literary and artistic efforts on campus.

The magazine is financed by a portion of the student activity fee, the money being granted by the student government. Every student on campus is eligible to receive a copy of the magazine. More than 100 copies are mailed to high school libraries and other colleges and universities.

We hope you the reader and viewer receive as much pleasure in perusing through Media as we have had in preparing this current issue for your enjoyment.

Again we thank each and every contributor. We are only sorry we couldn't print all of the work submitted. We appreciate all the hard work carried on by everyone concerned.

If you have any comments we would be glad to receive them.

Sincerely,

Evelyn Allen, Editor  
1962

This policy still applies  
Editors 1976





Weeping Willow

Melanie Bouton

Poor weeping willow  
She stands beside her sisters  
who are clad in autumn finery  
and preening  
for the tourists  
driving  
down the Smokey Mountain Parkway

Poor shabby weeping willow  
wears the same green dress each season.  
Don't cry, dear,  
just wait a little while.

Their  
scarlet and gold rainments  
will  
lie tattered at their feet, and then you  
will be the best dressed gal  
in town.

Joyce Salamone



For now is a time for love,  
 Alone, together, tonight.  
 Our boat sails into the cove,  
 And we know the time is right.  
 The gentle roll of the sea,  
 Brings your warmth close to me.  
 Your trembling lips are moist and sweet.  
 Your touch betrays an inner heat.  
 The tide begins to surge and fade,  
 That once brought forth a pirate's raid.  
 Wind fills the sails, away we soar,  
 And finally safe, we wash ashore.

*Robert P. Zimfer*

#### To Evening

The sun recedes its final light  
 And leaves a pinkish haze.  
 Soon will come the soft, cold night.  
 The moon appears, far and bright.  
 The stars prepare an endless maze.

*Robert P. Zimfer*

#### TONIGHT'S COMMENT

This is for you.

- Who left me crying and slipping in the rain  
 of New York and didn't come back.
- Who told me that his first love had taken  
 the light with her when she left.
- Who wasn't impressed with my knowledge of  
 Shakespear.
- Who cried when the parrot died.
- Who told me that to be a poet, one must be  
 hurt *VERY BADLY* (your italics) at least once in  
 life, and nearly killed me for the sake of my career.
- Who told me that I lacked a sense of humor when  
 my mother committed suicide.
- Who sent me one perfect rose on April Fools Day.
- Who thought Nixon was a saint.
- Who taught me to speak french over a period  
 of six months, then sent me to Monte Carlo alone.
- Who said that my poems lacked structure and  
 that e.e. cummings was a fraud and a fool.  
 (I believed it)
- Who told me that love was always fleeting.

It was,

You know who you are.

*Gail Shepherd*



"Celeste"

When Celeste lets the light strike just the right way,  
her legs, white, beckon with the message they convey  
call me closer to the warm  
to the calm, to her arms.

And when Celeste allows a moment, silent, to be spent  
her eyes belie her worry, where has the wonder went  
what payment has become the toll  
to enter where she keeps her soul  
(how) can she keep her tears in control

Once Celeste was young  
then she became alone.

(she floats above coral islands silently in sleep  
and sails along suspended over castles in the deep  
and dreams of freedoms pleasure, but dreams she cannot keep

When daybreak brings her back again  
as quickly as it came it ends  
another jest of love begins . . .)

When Celeste sets the timepiece her head holds imagery  
reminding her of times crystal clear in memory  
but somewhere midst her sorrowed pain  
she somehow lives with love again  
because she's not alone then.

*Frank Smith*

Someone changed all the angels on me  
we're burning by the flame we once used to see  
and I wonder will I ever understand how I  
allowed a twist of fate to take command, and have  
arranged, for my angel to change

How, well known, those sequences began  
it seldom goes according to plan  
and when you reach destinations unknown  
you can't help crying for seeds you have sown  
when you're lost, when you're all alone.  
and someones life becomes a nightmare to live  
and love is needed but there's none to give  
never be again, the person you were when,  
safe from someones sin.

Someone chnaged all the angels on me  
we're burning by the flame we once used to see  
and I wonder will I ever understand  
how I allowed a twist of fate to take command  
and have arranged for my  
angel to change.

*Frank Smith*



The emptiness of darkness

Crossing the dark recesses, so vast.  
You can feel the presence, of time past.  
The towering walls of stone,  
Make you feel quite alone.  
The emptiness is strange, you feel confused.  
Your body aches, its been abused.  
The scratches leave blood on your hands.  
Your lost in the dark, in a vast wasteland.

You find a place to rest your weary bones,  
You can't ever remember being so all alone.  
Into your mind you go searching, for a hint of your life's meaning.  
The complete turmoil you find within, barely leaves you breathing.  
You think of beautiful trees,  
losing their leaves.  
And the contrast  
is just too vast,  
To continue the thought anymore.  
As you hear death calling to you from the other shore.  
Then as you see the glow of his eyes, you feel your body heave,  
And the agony dissipated, as your spirit takes its leave.

*Jeffery Taliaferro*

Poetry

Poetry is like a river flowing,  
Your thoughts flow free and knowing.  
    You can tell people of things past,  
    Or of lost loves — found at long last.  
You may even care to tell people of the  
distant future,  
Or of a brave Kings strong and  
honest virtue.  
    Whatever maybe your backing motivation,  
    It is just your mind's brain under cultivation.  
Poetry gives fools a chance to express themselves,  
Like the way Santa, has all his toys made by little elves.  
    You can say wonderful things that no one  
    can understand,  
    Because your mind stores knowledge like an  
    Hourglass contains sand.

*Jeffery Taliaferro*

Going down,  
    down  
Doesn't matter where, going down  
Don't want to be here anymore, tired of hanging around  
feelings went from blue to brown  
    going down, going down.

*Jeffery Taliaferro*



Be my Valentine

Hello to you, the lady of my dreams,  
It's Valentine's day, and I have no one  
it seems.

But if you will be here on time,  
You could be my Valentine.

II

Hello to you, the Winds that blow so  
high,  
It's Valentine's day and I'm left alone to  
cry.  
So with your soft and sweet voice, whisper  
in my eart,  
And tell me, you will be my Valentine  
for you care.

III

Hello to you, the trees that suckles the earth,  
It's Valentine's day, and my loving heart  
is hurt.  
Don't be sorry or pity me,  
My Valentine, is all I wish you to be.

IV

Hello to you, the God of heaven above,  
It's Valentine's day, and I have no love,  
But since you are the God of  
Mankind  
Come to me and be my Valentine.

*John M. Moodie*



*Donna Clark*





Jimmy DiVatale



## PROLOGUE TO CONFLICT

De Staël once said "O memory, thou bitter sweet, both a joy and a scourge!" How true! While most bright-eyed students will pen thoughts of vacations past, of happy family outings, and of whimsical, carefree school days, my thoughts drift back to a period of the past fraught with ambiguities and certitudes, good times and bad times. I speak of apprehension, of confusion, and of conflict. I speak of my twenty-four hour prologue to South Vietnam.

The almost indescribable began at sea, a day's sailing from our destination. Most of the training had stopped. There were to be no more lectures on Vietnamese customs, no more dissertations on the enemy's psyche, no more last minute tips on how to stay alive. It was like a reprieve. Without question, we were experiencing the eerie calm before the storm.

As the troop transport laboriously sloshes through the South China Sea, all about me young men fidget away their time. On the aft deck a group of infantrymen clean and reclean their weapons while two young officers calmly study maps of the landing area. Near the bridge I see the familiar face of my own platoon leader. He scribbles away on typical Army stationery. I instinctively know he is writing last thoughts and assurances to his wife, back in Virginia, who must miss him terribly so. I wish not to interrupt him in these moments and find myself attracted to the ship's starboard rail where other young soldiers gaze silently at the sea. I wonder what each is thinking.

The continuous tonality of the hissing, foamy-white brine, displaced by the forward movement of the ship, almost hypnotizes me — save for a gentle wind that beckons my attention to that great expanse . . . the sea.

I marvel at what extends before me. A bevy of flying fish skitter just above the surface in the ship's wake; and then, one by one, disappear into the crystalline depths as their kind has for eons.

I search the rolling turquoise water below for signs of marine life, while I wonder how many men of wars past have seen similar sights and had thoughts as have I this day. History, I recall, is little more than a register of the crises, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. Blessed with divine gifts, man supposedly can perceive, learn, and create. I reflect a moment, sigh, and think what a disappointing creature man must be to God.

My eyes alert my mind to movement below. I can barely make out what looks to be a silvery sheaf of paper — twisting, curling, and slowly tumbling in the swift current. I look closer and am amazed that what I am really looking at are schools of fish, thousands of them, several hundred feet below in the clear water, apparently undisturbed and unconcerned with the ship's passing above.

I glance out to sea again and am struck with the unusual, if not sinister, beauty of a squall. A small portion of the simple unadorned horizon is blocked from view. Mother Nature seems to draw a graceful silken veil as is cloaking her mysteries and secrets from intruders such as ourselves. A lonesome, rather solitary feeling envelops me as the tradewinds entice the small disturbance farther out to sea.

With a clear horizon now, my loneliness is short-lived. The small white-caps give way to an almost motionless sea, leaving behind a glassy sheen that mirrors a fusillade of colors flung upward as the scarlet-tinged sun is drowned in a plum-colored sea, tintured with azure blue. A bit exhilarated I go below deck, exchange some meaningless small talk, and soon doze.

I awaken from a dream-filled sleep. It is quiet. There is only the restrained hum of the ship's engines now. Most of the men are asleep or are trying hard to do so. The illuminated dial on my watch indicates the early-morning hour of nearly two o'clock as I grope my way to the main deck for a bit of fresh air. I quickly sense that something is amiss. It is too quiet. Several men stand in stony reticence near the rail. I join them in hushed curiosity



and soon comprehend the significance of their tomb-like silence.

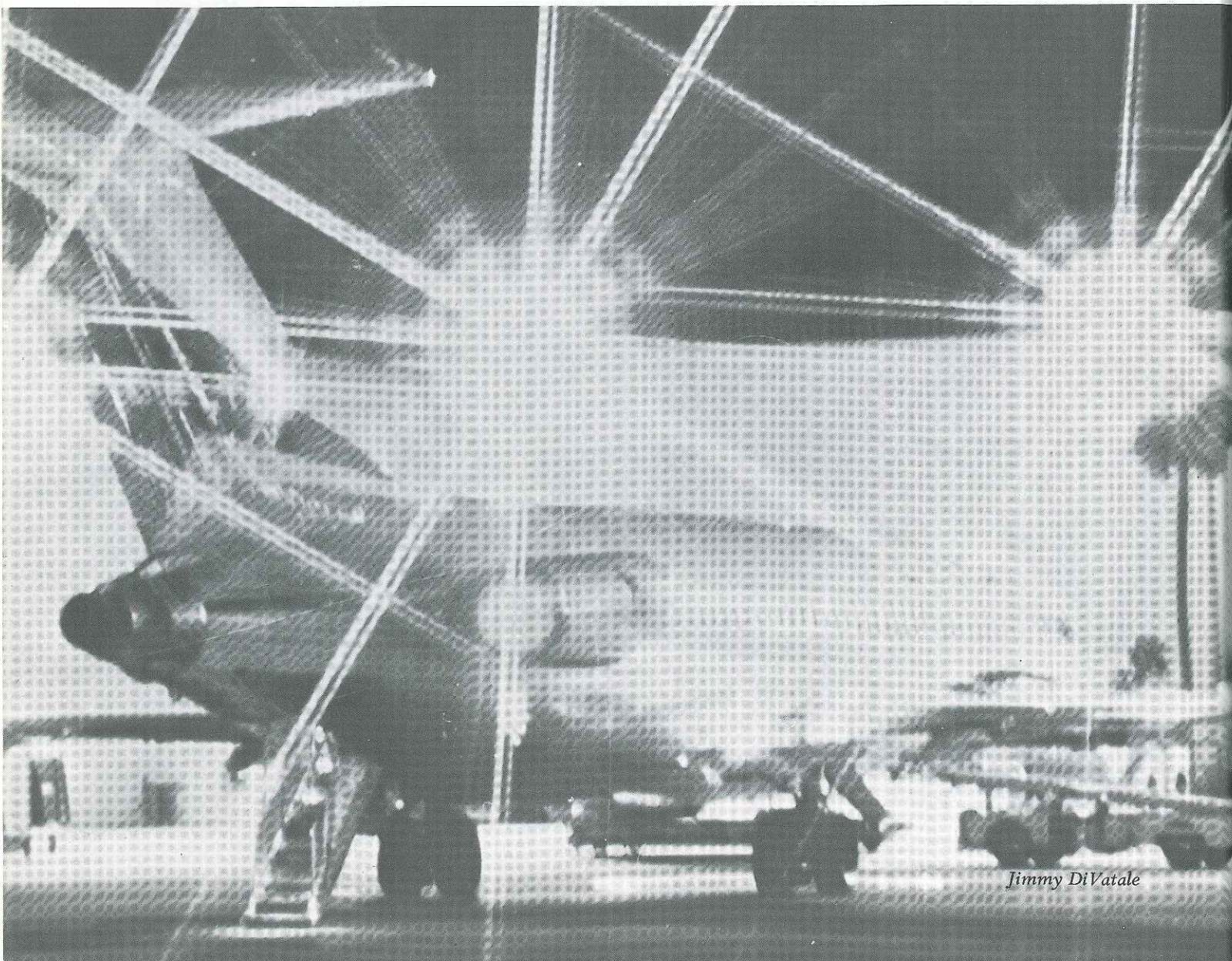
We are there. The ebony-black night strains my sleepy eyes. I see only nothingness. Then — “there, to the left” blurts out a salty crewman of the ship. Flickering in the night a few miles off is a flare. Then a meteoric streak pierces the night sky. More flares erupt. Suddenly I realize home is half a world away. This is for real. I’m about to witness first-hand what I’ve read in the newspapers. I am going to war! With this thought I retire to my bunk and unexpectedly fall asleep.

The Armed Forces Radio Network announcer enthusiastically booms out “G-o-o-o-o-d Morning, Vietnam!” as a bouncy theme song pierces the damp morning air. Already combat units are beginning to form on the ship’s still mostly darkened decks. I mechanically go through the military ritual of checking my equipment, weapons and other essential

gear. A final thought enters my consciousness. I wonder whether foot soldiers under Generals Lee and Grant, the legions of Napoleon, Caesar, or Hitler, or warriors of pre-biblical times felt as I do now. My thought is short-lived as my hard-nosed and seasoned Top Sergeant excitedly barks out orders to “fall in” on the forward deck. It is September 10, 1966. I am about two miles off-shore of South Vietnam. There is no more time for daydreams. I feel a lump in my throat — a queasiness in my stomach. From this morning forward I must remain alert if I am to stay alive.

*Larry G. Slayback*

NOTE: The foregoing essay was a true recollection of my thoughts as a soldier enroute to the then — Republic of South Vietnam.



*Jimmy DiVatale*



We were happy, the times we had  
And now they are gone and I'm left only sad.  
Just six months ago he laughed and he cried  
And now it's all gone, for he has just died.  
I went home and mourned over my lost one  
There's nothing left in this world,  
No sunshine or sun.  
I took out our movies and watched all the flicks  
Like when we furnished our house  
With its crooks and its niches.  
Our honeymoon vacation, our first little girl  
When life had its pleasures and we were caught in its whirl.  
The picnics we had, our very first party,  
They way that he laughed, all wholesome and hearty.  
The times at the beach, our wedding reception  
The happiness we shared is too much to mention.  
Last week at the cabin, the look on his face  
When I said there was nothing that could ever replace  
the joy in my heart and the love in my eyes,  
But the tears that would fill them when my loved one dies.  
The only film left, I received just today  
It's precious in memory, for it was his last day.  
He died in the night, sad and alone  
The nurse said his hand was laid on the phone.  
The reel was turning around and around  
I watched as we laughed and fell to the ground.  
I can still feel his very last kiss  
The tightness of his arm  
wrapped around our family,  
As we walked 'home' to the farm.  
Last night as he tucked our little girl in  
I saw on his face a sad, empty grin.  
The movies almost over  
The last part to see  
Was when we were alone  
With his arms around me.  
We walked in the bedroom  
Our bodies entwined  
And through eyes filled with tears,  
I watched him say 'I love you'  
One last time.

*Karen Skripko*



### CAMPIN'

Campin' by my TV set with  
Cool blue flames dancin' on the walls.  
Alone.  
Air conditioner rattlin' a breeze  
While something feeds in my kitchen sink.

Tired yawn,  
Fading light,  
Johnny disappears from sight.  
Distant horns cry back and forth;  
Alone,  
With the air conditioner rattlin' a breeze,  
Good night.

Waterfalls in the bathroom,  
Light peeks through the curtains.  
"The best to you each morning!"  
Rushing to get to school,  
Wishing I was back in bed.

Friends say they can't live in the city,  
Friends say the country is where it's at.  
I agree with them.  
But here I stay, we stay:  
"Someday I'm leaving",  
Yea, someday;  
But, I do love those chocolate Sundaes at one o'clock  
in the morning.

*Scott Mac Nulty*

Sept. 1975

And in the course of my journey  
I met an unusual man  
This man I remember well  
I didn't travel many miles with him  
But while with him I saw the world  
I explored caverns of thought,  
stood on mountains of ecstasy, and  
crossed oceans of understanding  
Our legs of communication never tired  
Then  
Time dictated I be on my way  
Never to return  
Standstill

*Rhonda L. Calbetzor*

### MOM and DAD

Don't expect from me too much  
I'm finding my own way  
I'm not like my brother nor sister  
I can't make that scene  
I'm of a different breed  
I'm not a society's perfect child  
I've done many things that would alarm you  
and cause you worry  
But these are things I've had to experience  
And to experience is to learn  
The only regret I have is that my learning  
may cause you hurt

*Rhonda L. Calbetzor*



### SHADOWS ON THE MOON

It was night when I looked out  
And saw shadows on the moon;  
Stretched across that pallid face,  
They outlined each cavern'd wound.

Bright streamers from a distant sun  
Came streaking through outer space;  
They gave reflection to the night  
And played upon that sallow face.

*Joyce E. Blackwell*

### THE THORN

I chose the rose that sweetly grows  
And made my home its slender stem.  
Its sweet perfume I much admire;  
Its virgin blush I ever yen.

I can not be what else I might,  
For thus, I am but what I am.  
But I chose the rose that there I might  
At least be close to what I yen.

*Joyce E. Blackwell*

### BORDERS OF THE HEART

If the world belongs to  
no one man,  
Have we the right to  
stake our claims?

I dare say "No!" and of  
the world I claim no part.  
My clā'ms shall seek the  
borders only  
Of those related to  
the heart.

*Joyce E. Blackwell*

### MOUNTAIN STREAM

It fell like liquid ribbons  
Down the mountain's back,  
Sparkling crystal slithers  
'Twixt a verdant crack.

It shimmered in the sunshine  
O'er a pebbled path,  
Falling to a mirror'd pool  
Clear and smoothe as glass.

*Joyce E. Blackwell*



## Music Appreciation

Not even closing my eyes, I feel  
this room fade and disappear.

This music recreates the stage, bare,  
not needing scenery to help the audience feel  
— only this music —  
and the art of the dancers  
to grip the heart.  
“Dance,  
show us love,”  
the audience said.

Looking back, I see it as in slow-motion,  
her bow-string taut body.  
She takes down her long hair  
to reach out for him,  
unfettered.

Voyeur! I  
trembled with ecstasy  
sharing her emotion  
remembering  
the last time you and I  
— danced.

I, too, had let down my inhibitions  
and slipped into the beloved prison  
of your arms  
and swallowed the key.

Oh yes, I  
appreciate this music.

*Joyce Salamone*

## “An Experience In Philosophy”

I can not help but love you,  
Although now it's really senseless.  
And yet, you never quit loving,  
For love never dies.  
It simply diffuses itself,  
Into new channels.  
Love of home, love of self,  
Love of family, love of friends,  
Love for the people who at one time,  
Played a role in your life.  
And yes, the love of a lover.  
The one love that can bring new life,  
or destroy it,  
In a fraction of a thought.  
Though the memory may be sad —  
Lost loves are but a facet,  
In the experience of  
Yourself.

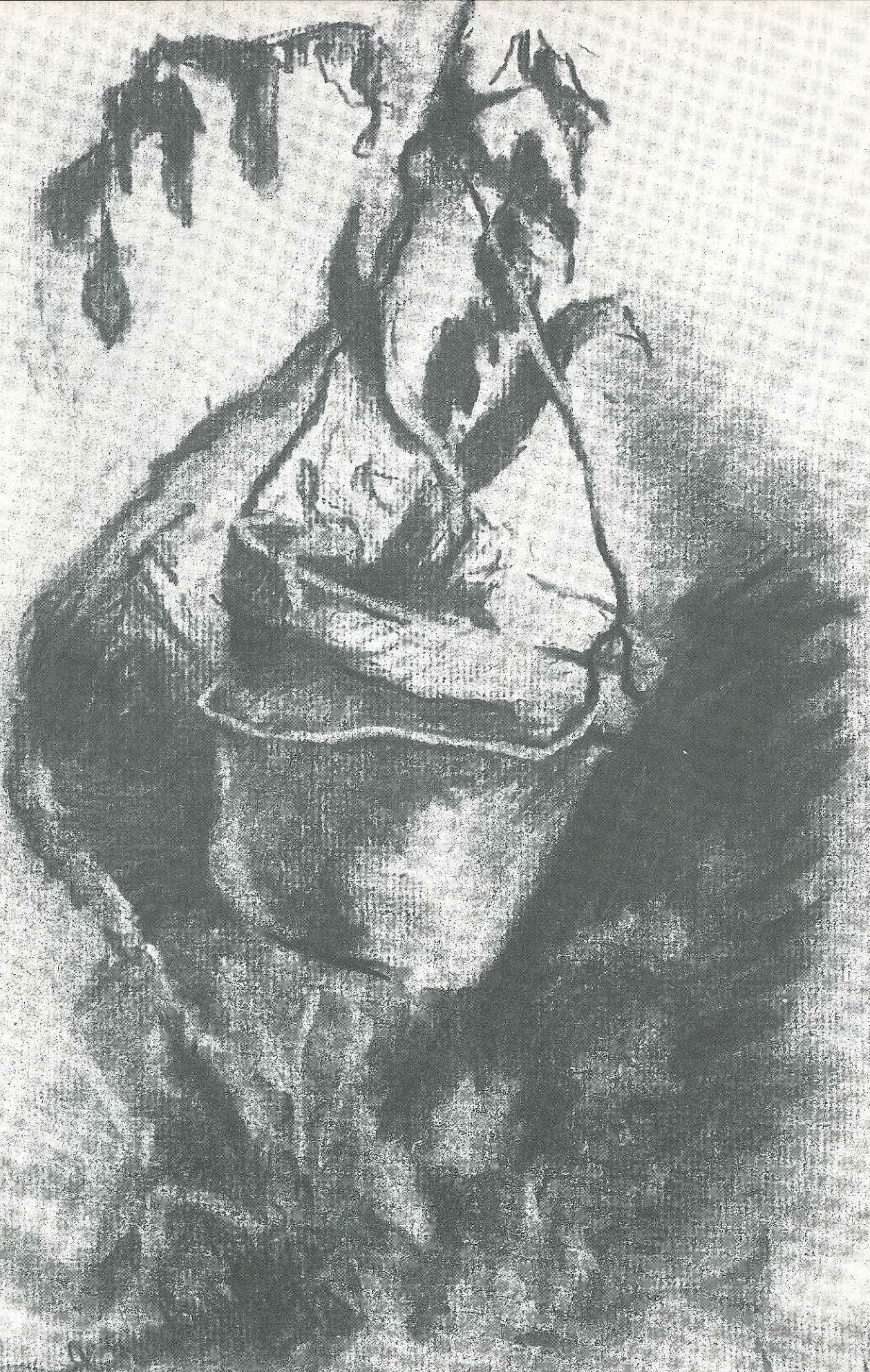
*Dawn Renee Young*





S. P. R.





Heath



Death, be silent, when you come. Please don't tell  
the other 'till we're gone.

Just let me know you're here by the  
rustling of the leaves, and the gentle song  
of the passing breeze.  
Death, be quiet, don't wake the others.  
Let them rest their weary minds, for sleep  
is all so hard to find.  
Just tell me, death, and I'll be still.  
Even if it's against my will.  
for I know — Death — that you're sometimes  
slow, cause there's so much to do before we go.

So please, dear death, just give me time  
to say what I want to say, to all the ones I hurt today;  
time to touch the heart of a lonely one,  
to sing him a song I've never sung;  
time to see a baby smile, and  
hear him laugh for a little while;  
time to watch the sunset face,  
and pick a flower in the pouring rain.

Death, just whisper that you're near. Tell me slowly  
that you're here.  
slow enough to make me see  
all the love I didn't share, all  
the times I didn't care,  
all the words that didn't come, all  
the things I left undone.

So come, sweet death, but walk me slow  
and whisper to me what you know.  
If just one smile I shared one day  
helped someone smile a little today —  
If just one thing that I've ever done  
made someones life an easier one —  
If just one prayer that I've ever said  
will help me now on my dying bed —  
Then I'm not afraid to walk with you  
to close my eyes when the day is thru,  
because I'll know just what I'm worth  
and how I fared with Mother Earth,  
And God alone will judge me now for  
here I take my final bow.

So carry on, my faithful friend, fly me on  
where time will end — and life begins,  
and to where I'll find Eternal bliss  
and peace of mind —  
forever.

*Elizabeth Young*



"OCTOBER"

Pardon me for rivalry;  
Iniquity stands not to reason.  
My consolation remains to your adoration  
Smudged under false colors.

Alone in a green sweater  
You stand at the door of the library:  
Your face beautifully sculptured;  
Your scarlet hair radiantly lovely.

Your silhouette — the whole of your being  
Seems meshed into the passions of autumn:  
Its enchantment is your delight;  
Its sadness and gloom is your loneliness.

Scatter leaves . . . in this October wind.  
Abandon like smoke and take all with you  
Just so that we are left  
All alone by ourselves!

And when the night comes — dark, deserted;  
Let its coverings deeply blanket us  
Just long enough for us to bury ourselves  
In this autumnal decay.

*Donnell Zaborowski*

Midnight musing . . . maidenless melancholia  
Shifting silhouettes of evanescent  
Dreams . . . broken years and  
Her soft eyes . . . haunting.

Vacuum-time measured impossibilities  
Like: rehabilitation-ego-pride and  
The steel-barbed concrete eye  
Of keepers superciliousness.

Silent screams in dark tunnels  
Echoed mirrors of uncertainty  
Rousing images of deaths past  
And questioning tomorrow.

*Michael Alonzo*



I saw them  
Storming across the tormented sky  
The bearded unkept men on their stallions of  
peace!  
Travelling realms of disbelief and suffering  
Singing their sons of peace  
Their voices raised in unison  
United they rode declaring with their hymns  
That peace is possible  
Why doesn't anyone else see . . . hear . . . believe?  
Was it but a dream?

*Rhonda L. Calbetzor*

They cleared out the old dump today  
It seems people do a lot of that now days  
Empty each other out  
Till there is nothing left but space  
They even try to take the last bit of  
memories gone by  
They're making a parking lot out of the field . . .

*Rhonda L. Calbetzor*

Hey Freak  
I love you  
My love for you is more than an acidtrip  
That keeps you high for a day  
It's more than a speed run  
That sets you moving for about a week  
More than just a "strung out" on scag  
My love for you lasts forever  
It never diminishes  
To let you down  
My love for you is a life-long trip

*Rhonda L. Calbetzor*



4 AM

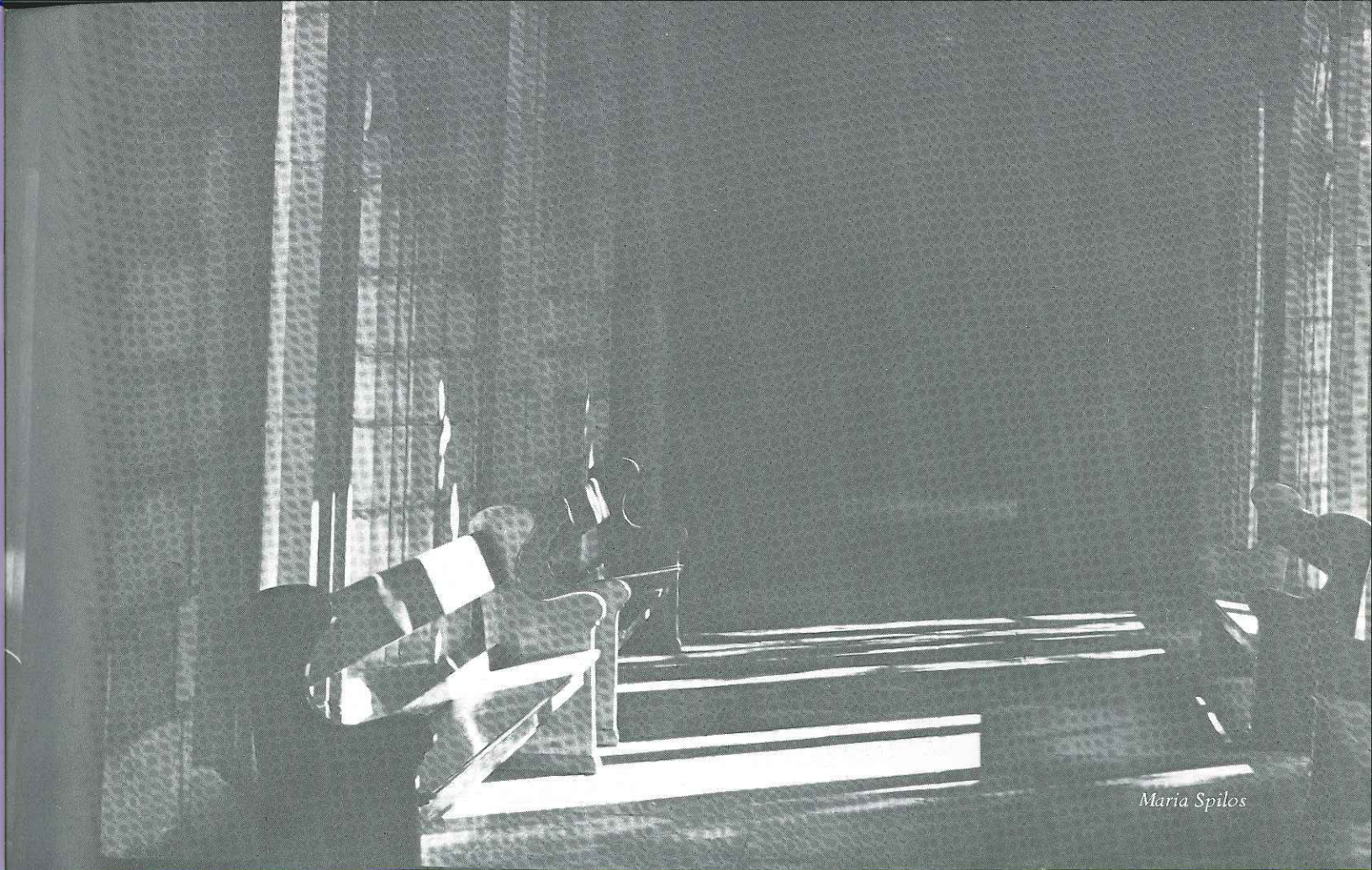
Headin' west in this bus, there's a nearly full moon hangin' in front  
of my nose  
It is beautiful, but it leaves me some pretty painful thinkin' — thinkin'  
about those . . .  
Those nights on the beach, that I'd try to teach my love something of  
what I know of life —  
Good times, bad times and how each makes the other sweeter in the coming  
times of strife  
Not that I ever got much done . . . Those were some of our best times  
for fun  
Makin' love we both enjoyed and even better was the satisfaction we had  
when we were done  
Aye, we were well matched in every way that we could ever possibly  
count  
Then came the day that we went alone together to find ourselves at the  
mount  
I was hers and she was mine . . and there was the silver ring to lend it  
truth  
Not much of a ring, but it meant something to us together in the  
exuberance of our youth  
Now that's all a week behind me and even though it can't be seen, it's  
the sun I'm following  
Each pursuing a bright but lonely course and it's the bitter taste of  
tears that I'm swallowing . . .

*Karl Kline*



*Molly Himes*





*Maria Spilos*

The older college student is plagued by problems which are not common to his fellow students. His schemes and schedules for study and research are thwarted at every turn.

Most older students are married folks with children, wives or husbands, and homes which not only need attention, but need attention at the worst possible moment. The night before a biology exam will probably find our hero tucked into some quiet corner behind a pile of books. Before you can say "photosynthesis" little Johnny will have his pants leg caught in his bicycle chain and only Dad can rescue the victim. Mission accomplished he's back to the books. His resolve to study is somewhat shaken. About the time our student's mind is really starting to grasp the complexities of osmosis, his wife is sure to come into the room and announce in a rather strained voice that she cannot remember how to put out a grease fire in the oven. I guarantee that this statement will terminate one's attention to the finer points of living systems.

Another major stumbling block to the over delayed pursuit of wisdom is the employ-

er. If the employer happens to be a law enforcement agency, it becomes a real hazard to the orderly quest for knowledge. For example, when a dissatisfied resident of a penal institution leaves unexpectedly, the studious officer's superiors will probably insist that the escapee be found immediately, without regard for anybody's study habits. Disgruntled inmates have been known to vent their wrath on the inanimate objects around them, their fellows and even an occasional officer. This is a situation which causes dismay in correctional administrators and they will insist that the situation be corrected immediately, without regard for the research paper which Mrs. Collins insists must be perfect and beautiful.

It is very easy for a person trying to pursue his education somewhat later than is usual to feel he is living his life in a situation comedy. The problems and inconveniences may tire the body and fray the nerves, but when a little boy walks up to you and says, "I'm sure proud of you, Dad.", then it's all worthwhile.

*B. D. Pimm*



## A QUESTION OF BALANCE

April 20, 1975

Early Sunday morning: The sea appears with only a few clouds far out on the northern horizon. Under this canopy of slowly brightening blue, the sea, flat and calm, is revealing that narrowly increased strip of sand shown to us twice each day. There is no surf, only a gentle swell barely moving the sands at the water's edge. The sea is at peace. And in that placidity, the waterline barely disturbs our continued view out into her depths. In her calm, she is revealing many of those inner activities and motions which serve to render her alive in the eyes of man.

Great schools of tiny bait fish are pulsing along the beach feeding on what organisms exist along the first and nearest reef. One school, its leapfrogging members presenting the illusion of the flowing motion of a single mass, moves from our sight and is soon replaced by another and yet another. In our mind we know that out in deeper water, just beyond the range of clear vision, the larger Blues are in turn feeding on the bait. We can comprehend this food chain and understand its balance.

Viewing the sea in such a moment of calm, it is difficult to visualize the equal and opposite violence of which she is so capable. But that should not be incomprehensible. For the sea is alive. Her tides, swells and currents demonstrate a circulatory system far more complexly intricate than that of any known biological being. Dividing her depths into layered compartments, thermals provide suitable environments for a multiplicity of creatures great and small. And on her bottom, so carefully hidden from our curiosity, she and her bottom creatures jealously guard her innermost secrets and the relics of man's feeble attempts to attach her to his domain.

She is a being complete unto herself. She is as a mind both capable of demonstrating and secreting her thoughts and feelings. She is, and is there to be seen, to be felt, and perhaps eventually to be understood. We stand at her edge, our feet barely wet, overwhelmed by her vastness and mystery.

But man, as an equally vast yet uncomprehending mass, pumps the defecatory products of his consumptive society into the very life blood of this beautifully vital creature. He, the currently dominant parasitic form, casually sloughs off his poisonous garbage unaware of the symbiotic nature of his relationship with this most beautiful and vital lover.

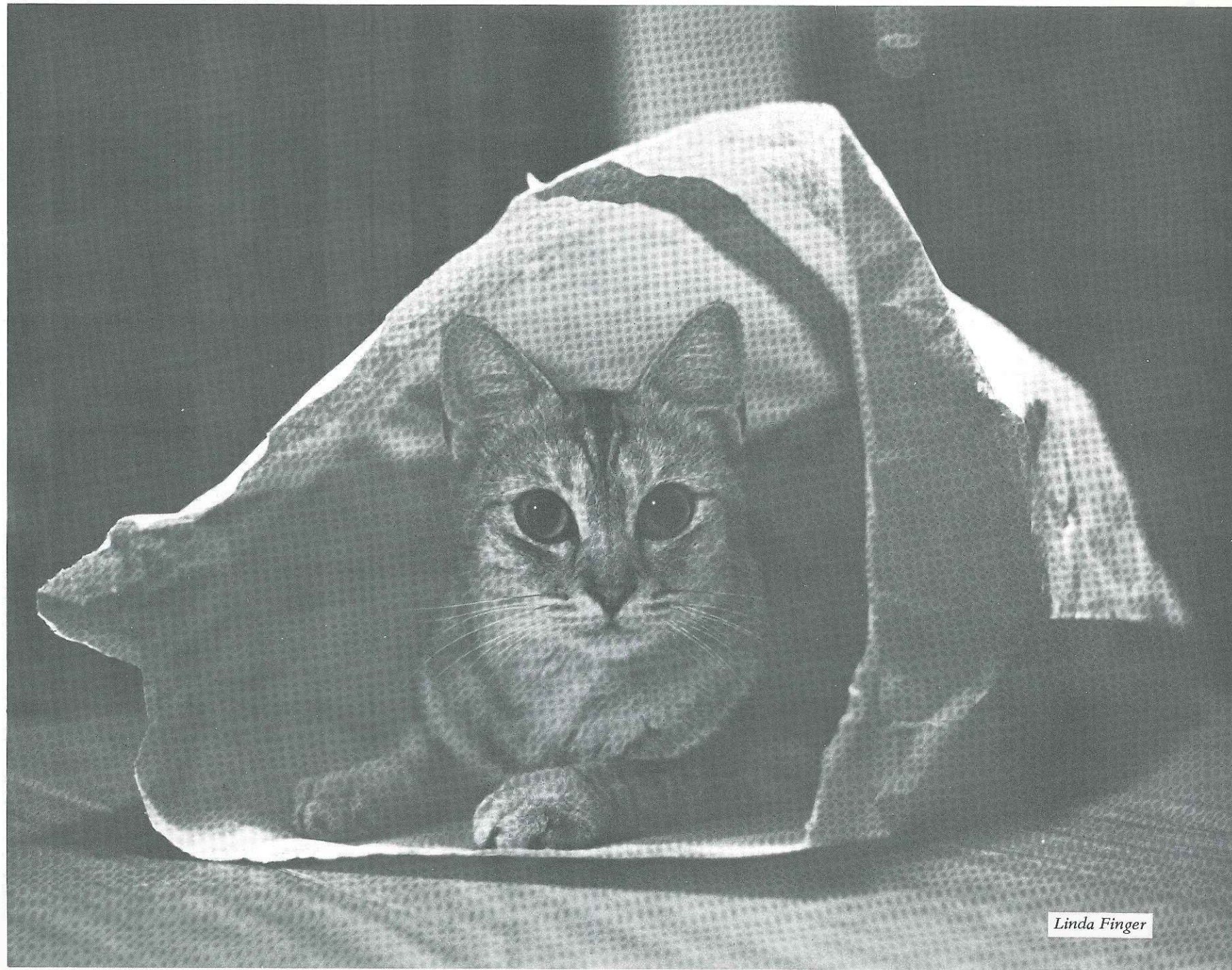
Does he not comprehend this question of balance? Does he not understand that in poisoning his lover, he is in fact selfishly destroying the vitality of the very womb from which his existence springs? Now, in the very moment when the needs for his continued survival dictate that he again turn to this most perfect lover, will he find that she has nothing left to give?

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